

CHEAP REPOSITORY. 24
DIVINE SONGS

Attempted in easy Language

FOR THE USE OF

C H I L D R E N,

By I. WATTS, D. D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

*Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou hast perfected
Praise. MATT. XXI. 16.*



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DIVINE SONGS

FOR CHILDREN.



SONG L

A general Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **H**OW glorious is our heavenly king,
Who reigns above the sky?
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

2. Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 **I** Sing the almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In Heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

3. *Praise to God for our Redemption.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

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- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children thus were brought,
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honoured all his father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeem'd us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin,
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

4. *Praise for Mercies spiritual and temporal.*

- 1 W Hene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see?
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet GOD hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve;
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell,
While they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

5. *Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe,
That I was born on British ground:
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land,
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than east or western Indies hold.

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- 4 How do I pity those that dwell,
Where ignorance and darkness reigns;
They know no Heav'n, they fear no Hell
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word,
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

6. *Praise for the Gospel.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the antient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
Heav'n.
- 3 How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!
- 4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.

7. *The Excellency of the Bible.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with
 On all thy works I look; [praise,
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n;
 But thy good word informs my soul,
 How I may climb to heav'n.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and shew
 The goodness of the Lord;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies:
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Shew what my faults have been;
 And from the gospel let me draw,
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
 To save my soul from hell:
 Not all the books on earth beside,
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
 By day to read those wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

8. *Praise to God for learning to read.*

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue,
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learnt so young
 To read his holy word.

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- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in;
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here can I read and learn
How Christ the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his spirit down,
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.
- 7 O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

9. *The all-seeing God.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
Strikes thro' the shade of night,
And our most secret actions lie,
All open to thy sight.

FOR CHILDREN.

9

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and publish'd there;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

10. *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*

- 1 **T**HÉRÉ is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

- 4 There is an hour when I must die;
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
 A thousand children young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell,
 To North or Southward, there it lies:
 So man departs to heav'n or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

11. *Heaven and Hell.*

- 1 **T**HERE is beyond the sky,
 A heav'n of joy and love;
 And holy children when they die,
 Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains;
 There sinners must with devils dwell
 In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I,
 Escape this cursed end?
 And may I hope whene'er I die,
 I shall to heav'n ascend.
- 4 Then will I read and pray.
 While I have life and breath;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t' eternal death.

12. *The Advantage of early Religion.*

- 1 **H**APPY's the child whose youngest
 Receive instructions well! [years
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing to his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives are thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise,
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days
Or fit for early death.

13. *The Danger of Delay.*

- 1 **W**HY should I say 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n or think of death,
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine,
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wrath and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear,
To all my groans another day;

- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I reject his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?
- 5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God!
His pow'r and veng'ance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod,
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon or for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

14. *Examples of early Piety.*

- 1 **W**HAT blest examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind,
Religion in their youth.
- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe;
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men;
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name,
They gave him honour with their tongue,
Whilst scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

- 6 Then why should I so long delay,
 What others learnt so soon?
 I would not pass another day,
 Without this work begun.

15. *Against Lying.*

- 1 **O** 'Tis a lovely thing for youth,
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust, [true;
 Tho' they should speak the things that's
 For he who does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue?
- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in and grew so bold,
 As to confirm that wicked lie,
 Which just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
 Must have his portion in the lake,
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell;
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps,
 For ev'ry lie that children tell.

16. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

- 1 **L**ET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.

- 2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made,
To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with men,
And God, his father too.
- 5 Now Lord of all, he reigns above
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

17. Love between Brothers and Sisters.

- 1 **W**Hatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

- 5 The wise will let their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night;
 But in the bosom of a fool,
 It burns till morning light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove;
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

18. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.*

- 1 OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
 And not speak ill of men;
 When others give a railing word,
 We must not rail again.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require,
 To be chastis'd at school;
 And he's in danger of hell fire
 That calls his brother fool.
- 3 But lips that dare be so profane,
 To mock and jeer and scoff,
 At holy things or holy men,
 The Lord shall cut them off.
- 4 When children in their wanton play,
 Serv'd old Elisha so;
 And bid the prophet go his way,
 "Go up thou bald-head, go!"
- 5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
 And sent two raging bears,
 That tore them limb from limb to death,
 With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners e'er so young!
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.

19. *Against swearing and cursing, and taking
God's Name in vain.*

- 1 **A**NGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terror of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows and blaspheme.
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place,
Of everlasting fire and pain?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.
- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear:

20. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

- 1 **H**OW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From ev'ry opening flow'r?

- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
 How neat she spreads the wax!
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,
 I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

21. *Against evil Company.*

- 1 **W**HY should I join with those in play
 In whom I've no delight;
 Who curse and swear, but never pray,
 Who call ill names and fight?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
 Their words offend my ears;
 I should not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
 Nor with the scoffers go;
 I would be talking with the wise
 That wiser I may grow.
- 4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
 They learn the wicked jest:
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.
- 5 My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
 With sinful children here;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

22. *Against Pride in Clothes.*

1 **W**HY should our garments made to
hide

Our parents shame, provoke our pride?

The art of dress did ne'er begin,

'Till Eve our mother learnt to sin;

2 When first she put the cov'ring on,

Her robe of innocence was gone;

And yet her children vainly boast,

In the sad marks of glory lost.

3 How proud we are! how fond to shew

Our clothes, and call them rich and new;

When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore

That very clothing long before.

4 The tulip and the butterfly

Appear in gayer coats than I:

Let me be dress'd fine as I will,

Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

5 Then will I set my heart to find,

Inward adornings of the mind;

Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,

These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare,

This is the raiment angels wear;

The Son of GOD, when here below,

Put on this blest apparel too.

7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,

Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;

It takes no spot, but still refines;

The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

8 In this on earth I would appear,

Then go to heav'n, and wear it there;

God will approve it in his sight:

'Tis his own work, and his delight.

23. *Obedience to Parents.*

- 1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have not you heard that dreadful plagues
Are threatn'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

24. *The Child's Complaint.*

- 1 **W**HY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?
- 2 What do I read my bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will:
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?
- 3 How senseless is my heart and wild;
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

25. *A Morning Song.*

- 1 **M**Y God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days,
Has all been spent in vain.

26. *An Evening Song.*

- 1 **A**ND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

27. *For the Lord's-Day Morning.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose,
 So early from the dead;
 Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
 And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The pow'r of death and hell,
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
 To pray and hear the word:
 And I will go with cheerful feet,
 To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heav'n:
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven!

28. *For the Lord's-Day Evening.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee;
 At once they sing, at once they pray;
 They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
 'Tis like a little heav'n below:
 Not all my pleasure and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 2 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word,
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
 That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

*The TEN COMMANDMENTS out of the
Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for
Children, EXODUS, Chap. xx.*

1. **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me,
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

*The Sum of the COMMANDMENTS out of the
New Testament, Matthew xxii. 37.*

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule. Matt. vii, 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another, as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS, I have here added the HOSANNA, and Glory to the FATHER, &c. to be sung at the End of any of these Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors:

*The Hosanna; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.
Long Metre.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage:
Old Men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her king!

Common Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to the th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

24 DIVINE SONGS, &c.

Glorious to the FATHER and the SON, &c.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A slight Specimen of *Moral Songs.*

I. *The SLUGGARD.*

- 1 'TIS the voice of the Sluggard; I heard
him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slum-
ber again;"
As the door on it's hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his
heavy head.
2 A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

- 3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and
higher;
The cloaths that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes 'till he starves or he
begs.
- 4 I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking; [thinking.
But he scarce reads his bible, and never loves
- 5 Said I then to my heart, "here's a lesson for me,"
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding, [reading.
Who taught me betimes to love working and

2. *Innocent Play.*

- 1 A BROAD in the meadows to see the
young lambs,
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or
rage.
How much may we learn from the sight.
- 2 If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty
names, [lambs,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

- 3 Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
mire:
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, 'tis all but in sport.

3. *The Rose.*

- 1 **H**OW fair is the rose? what a beautiful
The glory of April and May: [flower?
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
They wither and die in a day.

- 2 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When it's leaves are all dead, and fine colours
are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

- 3 So frail is the youth, and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain:
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

- 4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my
beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

4. *The THIEF.*

- 1 **W**HY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

- 2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain:

All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit.

4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
'Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

5 Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

6 Guard my heart, O God of heav'n,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

5. *The Ant, or Emmet.*

1 **T**HESE Emmets how little they are in our
eyes,
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies.
Without our regard or concern: [school,
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their
There's many a sluggard and many a fool.
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2 They don't wear their time out in sleeping or
But gather up corn in a sun shiny day, [play,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

- 3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall
 want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time.
 When death or old age stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
 If I trifle away all their prime.
- 4 Now, now while my strength and my youth
 are in bloom, [shall come,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness
 And pray that my sins be forgiven :
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and
 obey, [of clay,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

6. *Good Resolutions.*

- 1 **T**HOU' I am now in younger days,
 Nor can I tell what shall befall me,
 I'll prepare for ev'ry place
 Where my growing age shall call me.
- 2 Should I e'er be rich and great,
 Others shall partake my goodness :
 I'll supply the poor with meat,
 Never shewing scorn or rudeness.
- 3 Where I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;
 I deserve to feel the same,
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.
- 4 If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing,
 Since I best revenge my wrongs,
 By my patience never failing ?

- 5 When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.
- 6 What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.
- 7 If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet I hope with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.
- 8 I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended,
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.
- 9 May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Tho' it should be all the fashion.
- 10 Wicked fashions lead to hell,
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

8. *A Summer Evening.*

- 1 **H**OW fine has the day been, how bright
was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun
And there follow'd some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

- 2 Just such is the christian, his course he begins
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
 sins,
 And melts into tears, then he breaks out and
 And travels his heavenly way: [shines,
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

A Cradle Hymn.

- 1 **H**USH, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy Angels guard thy bed!
 Heavenly blessings without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 Sleep my babe; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide,
 All without thy care or payment;
 All thy wants are well supply'd.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee?
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle:
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Blessed babe! what glorious features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
 How could angels bear the sight?
- 6 Was there nothing but a manger
 Cursed sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly stranger?
 Did they thus affront the Lord?

- 7 Soft my child! I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard;
 'Tis thy { Mother
 Sister } fits beside thee,
 Nurse that }
 And her arms shall be thy guard.
- 8 Yet to read the shameful story
 How the Jews abus'd their King!
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.
- 9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin Mother by.
- 10 See the lovely babe a-dressing:
 Lovely infant how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the Mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
- 11 Lo! he slumbers in his manger
 Where the horned oxen fed!
 Peace my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'Twas to save thee, child! from dying
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That my blest Redeemer came.
- 13 May'st thou live to love and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face and sing his praise!
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire;
 Not a Mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joy aspire.

* Here you may use the words *Brother, Neighbour, &c.*

A PRAYER for a young Child.

SAVE me, Lord Jesus! save me! that I perish not, Lamb of God hear me; Son of God, have mercy upon me. Thou hast bid little children to come unto thee. O dear Saviour, let nothing hinder me from coming unto thee. Pray give me faith, pray give me love, pray make me holy. I have no Saviour but thee to go to; O deliver me from my sinful state; save me from this wicked world, and the devil, that I may love and serve thee on earth, and live with thee, and praise thee for ever and ever in heaven. AMEN.

Another.

O THOU God of love, have mercy on me and bless me. O thou only Saviour, who didst invite little children to come unto thee; I would come unto thee and call upon thee, now; pray take thy unworthy child into the arms of thy love, and keep me from all evil and danger this night. O God, thou art very kind and loving to me, and thou hast promised to give the best of gifts to such as I am: surely, O Jesus, I ought to love thee; make me to delight in reading thy holy scriptures, that I may know how much thou hast suffered for my sins, and to save my precious soul: into thy arms I commend myself, fit me for death, prepare me for judgment, for thy love and mercy's sake. AMEN.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. AMEN.

A Prayer before Service begins.

LORD, all my purposes prepare,
 Let me thy tender mercies share;
 Correct my ways, my thoughts refine,
 And make my heart completely thine:
 Thy all-inspiring grace afford,
 When I peruse thy sacred word;
 And, O my God, who all things gave,
 My soul, my dear Redeemer, save.

After the Service.

GRANT that the words I've this day hear'd,
 With only outward ears,
 May, by thy Grace, almighty Lord,
 Produce repentant tears:
 And may I live unto thy praise,
 Each moment of my future days.

HYMN.

H Y M N.

COME, Children, 'tis *Jesus* that calls,
 The voice of your Saviour obey;
 When *Jesus* invites you to come,
 No disciple shall turn you away.

The children he folds in his arms,
 Must surely be blessed indeed;
 For *Jesus* alone can bestow,
 The spiritual blessing they need.

Let parents with thankfulness own,
 The encouragement *Jesus* has giv'n;
 Delighted to hear him declare,
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

F I N I S.

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